AN

HUE and CRY

AFTER

M----T---b's White-Horſe,

Who this day ſtray'd out of the Mews Stables, and is now gone over the Water, after whom there is great Enquiry and ſtrict Search made, he being loaded with a great Quantity of Plate. O yes, if any Perſon can bring this Horſe back, he ſhall have a grateful Reward.

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AN

HUE and CRY, &c.

The Dialogue that happened between Mr. *Britt* Farrier and the Statue of King *Charles* at *Charing-Cross*.

Mr. *Britt*.

STRANGE! Who can call the course their home?
The king's war-horse does frett and foam,
Fury looks out at both his eyes
While rising up he rends the skies
And with his fore-paw tears the ground
Till hell below him hears the sound.
See how he neighs, no bit, or rein
Can bring him to himself again.
Is there no way to still the nag,
Lo how he prances, stop the wag,
An honest man may come to lois,
Who has affairs at Charing-cross
'Tis dang'rous to go out the way
If crousaior beasts are left to stray
Sure he has seen some evil spirit
Or the white-horse, I long to hear it.

King.

Come forward, friend, he shall not hurt ye,
I'm on his back, and will support ye.
You see I hold a double rein,
And were he mad I'd keep him in;
Nor does he use to take such frets,
The which are none of his conceits;
For I have rid him sixty year
And to this hour ne'er knew him stir,
Till a white-horse came by this way
Which I suppose had gone astray,
At mine he stood and grin'd awhile
Then turn'd, and bid him, kiss his tail;
And so the hobby soon went off,
Who only did come here to scoff
At which my battle-beast ran mad,
Who is a war-horse not a pad.
I pray sir tell who calls him mine
Lest he do come in this confine
For if by mine he's torn & rent
They'll lay it was by my consent

Mr. *Britt*

This sumpter-horse I long to see
Impatient till I hear him neigh

Lord

Lord of the creatures of this isle,
To him no other than a goal
Who as he is of foreign brood,
He thinks there's nothing here too good
For him to take and bear away
Who only waits to watch his prey
Which when produc'd with little toil
The richest sort of ev'ry soil
Instead of fawning he is fierce
And leaves us with a kiss my a-se
And having laid it up in store
He then returns to gather more
Yet be he better, be he worse,
I long to hear of this white-horse
But know not where he hides his stores.
He enters at so many doors
And hath so many different lanes
Mountainous countrys, low campaigns
'Tis hard to find out his confines
None knows the pasture where he feeds
But those at present whom he leads

King.

Strange you have follow'd him so far,
Yet know not where he draws the carr
Or where he did repose his store
Of hay in all times heretofore
Is he a foreigner? If such
You may hear of him from the Dutch;
Hague is the only market town
For hobbies that do rob and run
In Helvestfluies and Hamlet wood
'Tis like he has laid up his food
But first ere you such jorneys take
And go abroad for travel's sake
I would advise you ask at home
And put the question to his grom,
What time he miss'd him night or day,
What he had with, him or what way
He fancies he has took the rout?
And make him search to find him out,
The asses crib or ox's stall
The hen-house, mint-house, or white-hall
St. J--s p-l-ce or the park
The hog-house bog-house, house of work
And if he be not low nor high
Seek for him in the T——y
Old N—k Bob will let you in
For half a pint of Holland's Gin
Besure you search the golden-manger
To which there's none of them a stranger
There see the print of both their hoofs
'Mong heaps of gold on golden roofs
And if some millions are away
You need no longer there to stay
But know that he is gone abroad
A pilot to the yellow-God.
There search the confines of the deep
And drive him back with spur & whip
Ne'er stay to ask what country made him
What French and Spaniards did bestride him.

T

To whom for plaiſters for his ſides
He has brought them a thouſand bribes
And after askt what they did want
Was in his pow'r to give or grant
For this white ſtalion while he lives
Thinks none are good but ſuch as gives.
Mr. *Britt*
If we no other way come by him
The ſureſt way will be to cry him

And to this purpoſe I'll proclaim
Without expoſing of his name.
O Yes,
Whereas of late there has been ſtole
Or ſtray'd from this a corſair foal
Who bears theſe marks; whoever find him
Shall have what hay he's left behind him
God ſave the king: For once, twice, thrice
But who can tell me where he is.

Marks or Characters, by which when know, he may be return'd; or rather retain'd as it ſhall be thought proper.

First. HE on his counter has a ſtar
Inclining to the right hand ſide
And keeps by him in ev'ry carr
A mare to mortify his pride
2*d*. He's white as ſnow, an ivory mane
Stands bolt up on his ſtuborn neck
In Colour like unto a ſwrn
Yet is his tail intirely black
3*d*. Rich cleath of gold-- a battle plume
And beaver nods above his creſt
The laſt he often tramples on
When he's offended in the leaſt.

4*th*. More hay than would maintain him here
He always takes with him abroad
For inſtance, but the other year
A cloak-bag more than two horſe-load
And if ſo be he ſhould refuſe
To come along at the firſt call
He is at liberty to chuſe
To ſtay abroad for good and all,
Let thoſe who have him keep him faſt
And thoſe who want him call again
We neither do envy the laſt
Nor think his abſence any pain.

FINIS.

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